

JOAN JETT-BLAKK

...In the "Tell me it's not true" department: The scientist in Chicago who wants to clone people? That guy? His name is Richard Seed! OK??? The dudes name is Dick Seed! That's about as ridiculous as Ronald Reagan being president ... I'm already over the smoking thing. And I don't smoke. Well, not store bought tobacco anyway. I'll tell you one thing, though. I'd rather choke to death on cigarette than the putrid air of these folks who have a burning need to tell everyone what they can and cannot do. Are these the same dung beetles that made lighters child proof? Buttheads will roll!!! ... On that sour-puss note, I've decided to ditch the Supervisor thing (I put my money on Bill Barnes anyway. Don't know him? Hmmm? Trust. You will.) and just begin running for President as of now. I cannot ignore the will (power) of the people any more. I mean,

come on, who the fuck else are you gonna vote for? (Hey, what a great campaign slogan). And let me say this, my tell-all amerikans, you'll be able to smoke where ever the fuck you want to in President Joan Jett-Blakk's Amerika, OK??? ... Now, of course you know that I was gonna make some sick joke about a curse on the Kennedy family, but then Sonny Bono kissed a tree as well, and, bonnie Frankly, watching Cher cry on TV was hard ... however, Sonny's funeral was a veritable yoo-hoo of yahoos I'd rather see in that there box. Oh, let's see, Mr & Mess Dan Quayle (so far, the bowel-runner the rebuplifools have for president 2000), the on-the-endangered-list-lizard Newt Gingrich, our piss-steamed Gov. Pete Wilson. I'm sorry, I just can not go on. I did just eat ya know. You get my general drift. Like Divine said in the famous court scene at the end of Famale Trouble, "Ugly! Ugly! Ugly!" ... Wanna hear something cool? I had no idea that the poet Adrienne Rich recently refused some national award or another because she felt that it was wrong to accept an award for art from a government that holds art hostage. Good answer! And how do we fix this? Elect moi president! That's how! ... My only two predictions for 1988: there will be an all-girl bar in the Castro (with some help from the Queer rifle Association if necessary), and there will appear a club that folks who are 18-21 years old can frequent in this



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(almost) sorry-ass excuse for a queer mecca.... both of these things are too long in coming. Just like some boys I know. ... My friend and sister in boy-crime 777 and I would like to see all of the backstreet boys in the Nambla Room of the non-white house at once! Thankyouverymuch. No singing will be required, but we will be studying their oral capacity ... (With a British accent) Blah, Blah, blah, Girlpower! ... So the Boyscouts of Amerikkka think that they have rejected homosexuality, do they? Sorry, scouts of boys. As long as there are boys with boners in tents, at night, far away from parents, homo will most ass-uredly continue to sex, understood? ... Ohmigawd! UC Business School enrollment off in blacks and latinos! I thought that headline read UC business school offing blacks and latinos. ... And the Pent-up-gon says that, oops! We forgot to warn GIs in the Gulf Oil War that radioactive material was used in ammunition. Well, oops! I forgot to tell you pentaguys that there was nothing in your brain! ... Stoopid Award envelope, please! In Florida, the staff of the Miami Herald was quite (pleasantly) surprised to find that fifty-three pounds of cocaine and heroin had been mailed to them from Bogata, Columbia recently. However, sadness soon followed when some fellow called and said, "These are my packages, they're for me." Missy actually went to get the packages and was promptly snapped up by federal agents. Reports that the man who called was a member of the Booboo the Fool Club were unavailable at press time (so was almost everyone on the Miami Herald staff) ... Now it seems that an 11-year old girl from Santa Cruz has been killed in a skiing accident at a lake Tahoe resort. Someone needs to move those trees, girl! ... In Copenhagen, the head of the famous Little Mermaid statue has re-surfaced. From where, no one has head, er said. ... Will someone tell heteroboys to get their own look! Honey, the soul patch, the mutton shop sideburns, the black plastic glasses, it all reads as FAG to me and I really don't need shade (heaven knows they call it) from some punk because I've spooked him. And, North Beach is that way ... Actually, it's those bi-boys I adore. ... The Tell Me It's Not True Department II: The other night we held a cabinet meeting (well, actually it was a credenza meeting) in the non-white house and lo and be bold, there were 4, yes, 4 fags at one table whose parents were still married in 1998. To each other that is. We were plucked! We are talking almost 200 years of wedded bliss, combined that is. ... Somebody tell me what was up with Channel 47 on the 10th. Brownstar's oh so haute lead singer Moon, my sew pal Filip and I happened to catch, what was her name, Shane, the Super Fuck Slut. She's not just a slut mind you, or a fuck slut. She's the Superfuckslut. What's beyond that? Her phone number is 1-900-XXFuckXXX. Moon said she's the SuperBowlSuperFuckSlut.®

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JOAN JETT-BLAKK

The Greatest Hits Collection, Volume 2

This installment of Joan Jett-Blakk's column first appeared in the Aug. 28 - Sept. 11, 1996 issue of OBLIVION magazine.

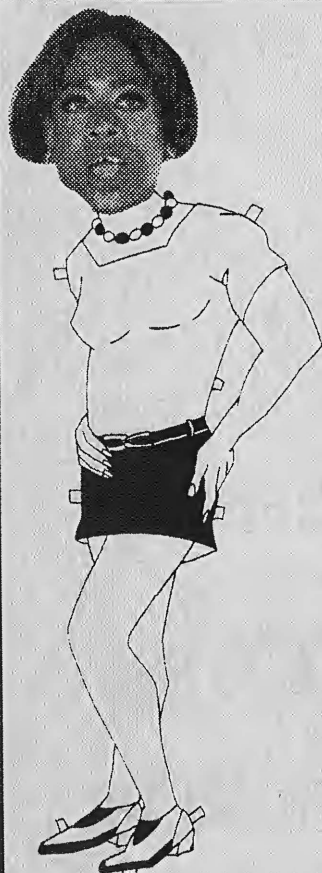
... So, did you hear about the new Mexican Soul Food Restaurant called Nacho Mama? What about the breakfast cereal geared toward urban negroes called Nut-n-bitch? One of my Non-White House DJs, Rodney, told those jokes during an early morning briefing recently ... Speaking of DJs, what's with this club called Rugburn? I'm sure it's a hoot 'cause the Groovemaster, Stephanie Phillips is on the wax, but I'm scared of anything with a name like that, ok? ... Before any shit gets started, let me just say how much I adore Heklina, and I'm very glad she's done something she doesn't do often and engage in a little political dialog with me about drag. I have a tendency to be a little opinionated and forget that there are other sides to any issue than just my own. Having said that, I still hold fast to my belief that way too many boys do girl drag without understanding why they look the way they do, that's all. I'd rather chew broken glass than have everyone look like me, however. I too am hopelessly addicted to glamour, but of the bossy variety, thank you veddymuch ... I want to extend my congrats to Pansy Division. If you haven't heard this already, they had the Rock N Roll pleasure of getting Rob Halford, the lead singer of Judas Priest to sing "Breakin the Law" with them during a recent gig in Santa Diego or San Diego or whatever the fuck and I'll bet those Pansies are still humming from that one. "Break In The Law" for you queens who hate rock music, and you know who you are, was a hit record for Judas Priest. For Mr. Halford to get up and sing that song with a queer band is a more exciting way of coming out than any fucking television show, ok? ... Apparently over there in Oakland there is a rather interesting situation. A couple was arrested for abusing their own children. Dad was forcing the kids to have sex with Mom. That means that they had their kids to have sex, not the other way around? What color hankie



PHOTO BY KENT TAYLOR

is that anyway? ... Whilst over at the Big Fag Country Club (Castro Station for those without a Fag Degree) I, politely mind you, asked if they could lose "Sounder" or "The Colored People" or whatever movie was screening and find something not as serious. That sweet DJ Rene actually put on NASCAR racing. Ok, I'd died and gone to Studio 54. Grooving on the fast cars in a gay bar is my idea of a really good time. In fact, everyone over there is top drawer ... It's all about Richard Simmons coming out, ok? Fuck Ellen Foster or whoever. And, did I not see cover story on Rosie O'Donnell in Parade magazine a couple of weeks ago that read, "What Rosie Wants Kids to Know" ??? What might that have been, Rosie? That it's ok to be gay? Oh, I'm sorry, you don't think it's ok to be gay, I forgot ... I must thank Tommi Mecca, Sister Roma, 777, and everyone else involved in "Late Night With Joan Jett-Blakk" now up and running once a month at MCC. Kisses to all. Next month I hope to have as many fab DJs as I can so we can chat about the music scene in San Francisco, and everybody knows what a DJ groupie I am ... Furthermore, a whole shitload of thanx to all my goofy fuckin friends Jon & George, DJ Rodney, 4Days, DJ Kenneth and the bodacious bartenders over at the afore-mentioned Castro St. Gardens and all you other queens with sharp minds 'cause this shit is a hellavalottafun? You know the rules, the first name must be real. After that, obviously nothing stands in your way. Keep 'em coming, folks. Let's see, there's Allison Wonderland and Allison Chains. Beau Nafyde, Luke Warm, Lee D'Way and Vera Wayne. Hugo Girrl. Josh Ing. Brando Iron. Then, there's that Irish singer, Enya Marcgetsetgo. Pat Choodown. Ray Dio. The famous Islamic drag queen, Ali Lula. When I introduce her to this meteorologist I know, I got to say, "Ali Lula, it's Ray Ninmen. We love the Boat sisters: Roxy Boat, Misty Boat, and Rhoda Boat. Letta Zalone, Letta Mecout, Letta Meegough. Alouisious Kometru. The Tuup twins, Tori and Teri. Herb Buttzawageen. Hal Apéno. Traci Piktore, Liza Toomi. Mimi Mee. Otis Issit. Otis Izzenfair. Otis Suxx. Sheena Bite. Sheena Knoww. Sheena Kare. The ultimate drag name, Sheena Riogirl. My foreign correspondent, Sheena Fromhere. Mort Uairy. Fran Kleemydeer. Dona Laff. Dona Tekmedere. I. Dona Lykyew. Dona Luke. Dona Lukenau. Dona E. Van Goghdere. Dona Lytome. Dona Weardatt. Dona Beestupyd ... So until next time, look both ways when crossing the street and do all of your homework, or there will be hell to pay ... (11)

see ya later navigator, Joan Jett-Blakk



...Over a recent weekend, the one that some folks insist on calling Independence Day, I did something that I haven't done in 26 years, (and don't say have sex). I went swimming. A very good friend of mine by the name of Jared, mentioned that he was gonna go to Oakdale, California, and lounge around the pool at the home of an old friend whose parents were not home. Having no official business to tend to, I kind of invited myself along. OK, Oakdale is about 100 miles east of here, in what is commonly known as "cowboy country." OK, BIG, modern, suburban home. Large swimming pool. Loving it. As I said, the last time I tried to swim was during a school trip when I was 14. Being a frail, little thing, my arms could not pull me through the water. This time, however, after, oh, 17 years of exercising with free-weights, and being rather buff of arms, I sliced through the water like a white person. But the mostest fun I had that day was actually in the house itself. It seems that the absent parents are hard core Christian fundamentalists. Well, whilst no one was looking, I set out to do what Divine did to Connie and Raymond Marble in

the timeless film by John Waters, "Pink Flamingoes." I touched everything in that house. I sat on every bed, every toilet, every chair I could find. I handled every piece of silverware, fondled the television remote control, I tried on various pairs of underwear, I peed in the damn pool. Honey, when those bible-humpers return from wherever it is they are allowed to go, they will find that their very house will reject them. Jolly good time...

...It never stops, does it? On the front page of the July 7th *New York Times*, a headline read, "Gay Rights Having a Hard Time in South Carolina." Like that is even news. It seems that someone wants to open a gay bar in that state and (surprise) there is much opposition. One hillbilly-fied fool was quoted as follows, "...Homosexuality is demonic, it is a stench to the nostrils of God." Maybe hillbilly boy should pull God's head out of his ass, if that's the case...

...I say let's mix them up. We'll have Teenky Weenky Spice, Dipsy Spice, La-La Spice and Po Spice, Teletubbiespiceworld...

...I just saw the dumbest fucking thing on TV. It's called, "*Forgive and Forget*." A very churchy looking colored woman and her studio audience listen to assorted sob stories of how one guest has wronged another, unseen guest. After pouring their little hearts out, churchy girl tells the confessor to walk over to the door and see if your friend will forgive you or forget you. Stupid. I'd rather see something called, "*Slap the Bitch*." That would be a hell of a lot more fun. "OK, Joan open the door ad see if you get to slap the bitch." However, goodness knows I've been a bitch in my life, so I'm not too sure which side of the door I'd find myself on...

...Must be getting Jerry Bonham's new CD presented by Spundae. I simply cannot stop listening to it. It's all about being behind the

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wheel of my 1968 Jaguar XKE, doing 120 mph, and that CD...

...Have you heard about Trent Lott's daughter, Pia? No? Well, I'm not one to gossip, so I'll just give it to you in short bursts. Crack ho. Has not slept since high school. A bad habit of waking up (or coming to) in rural hotels of ill repute. You didn't hear it from me...

...True fact about Trent Lott. He uses a desk in his office that belonged to Jefferson Davis. Scary huh?...

...Circle this date on your calendar. Thursday, July 30th at Café du Nord, surrey your hip little ass to **Tom Tom Club**. This event, benefit, actually, is for the re-election of one Tom Ammiano. Attire? Beatnik, darling. Dig this, the very coolest host and performer list in the cosmos, man. Veronica Klaus, the artist formerly known as Elvis Herselvis, Connie Champagne, Minnie Pearl Necklace, Arturo Galster as Chesty Baker, D'Arcy Drollinger, Pansy Division, Suzy Berger, Heklina, Sister Roma, Gus Bear, Ggreg Taylor, O.S., Ivana, Tom Radulovich, Marc Geller, Kevin Lyons, Stafford, Phatima, oh, and me. Cool, man, cool. Go, man, go. And woman too. Give up some bread to get Tom Ammiano re-elected to the Board of Supervisors, and maybe even Board President...

...Hey, didn't they lower the age of consent for queers in England on the same day as Prince William's 16th birthday?... Concorde to London, please...

...Chablis can you ever forgive me? I was a surprise guest on her talk show, "City Beat." Months ago. It's every other Thursday on Channel 53, public access television, something the city should help subsidize...

...Message to DJ Reptile: Hope your arm heals up quickly so Shelter can return... ①

...So, darlings, ciao for now, loving you from here, Joan Jett-Blakk.

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an original musical comedy
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music & lyrics by Mark Sargent
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One night, not too long ago, after having a blakk & white malt at my favorite restaurant, Sparky's, I saw something that warmed even my cold, hard heart. A small sticker on the banister of the Church Street Muni stop proclaimed, "Take down police barricades. Whose fucking parade? Our fucking parade. It's a movement, not a market." Well, I was so happy that I did a little nigjig right there in the street! That's exactly the direction I think we should be moving. While I love all the rainbow flags all the way up and down Market Street (although it's kind of an understatement, ok?), I think that in this time of stupidfuck senators and brain-dead Baptists trying to destroy us, we need to take stronger stands and let America know that we mean business. We all should learn how to make pink stinkbombs and set them off on the senate floor and in churches all over this nation...

...And speaking of stupidfuck senators, I'm sure you all heard what that asshole Trent Lott said about us on that cable show. But did you hear that the pondscum who interviewed him was being sued for sexual harassment by his male personal assistant? Isn't that wonderful? Don't you just love it when shit like that happens? Besides, there is nothing lower than a black, conservative christian closet case, you know what I mean?...

...It is not my wish to bring harm to my fellow queers, but I did say, out loud, that I was gonna kick David Mills' ass for what he says about me in his show "Booty Free" — I mean "Duty Free." As fate would have it, I ran into David at a party, and, of course, I told him what I said I'd do to him (before anyone else told him). It turns out that his comment about me is not as mean-spirited as others made it sound, and we had a laugh about it all. Actually, Mr. Mills and I have worked together before and hopefully will again...

...Someone else that I've had the pleasure of working with has made it into *Interview Magazine*. I'm talking about none other than Justin Bond. There is a full-page spread on Justin as Kiki of Kiki & Herb in the June issue. I'm so happy for them. They have worked long

and hard for the payoff they must be getting now. However, there is one question I must ask. Why are there never any pictures of Kenny Melman as Herb?...

...Attention former Closet Ball Winners! The organizers of the Closet Ball are looking for all the winners starting from 1972 to 1997. If this is you, and you know who you are, please contact Michelle at (415) 922-0422...

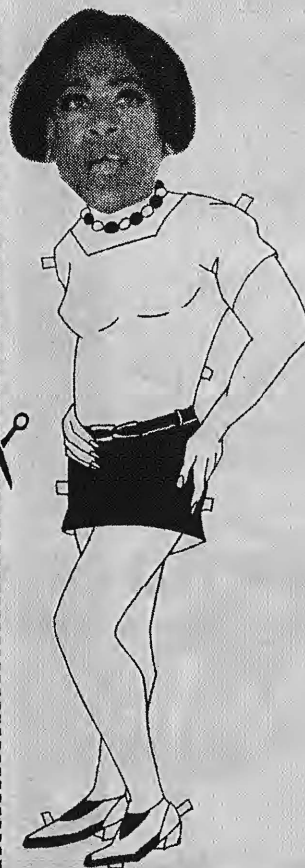
...I'd like to say happy birthday to the charming cocktail waiter at the Cinch who can balance a full cocktail tray on his head. I'm sorry I didn't get his name, but go there and check him out. Also, their resident DJ, Ms. DuBois, is a mix-mistress to behold. They also get my presidential recommendation for the best sapphire martini in town. Lord knows I'm trying to find it, and I think I need look no further...

...Do look for Rodney (the chick with the great big dick) to be on fire on Monday at Bruno's starting in July. Talent like his/hers has to be seen to be believed...

...Also starting in July, "The Weekly News," anchored by Joan Jett-Blakk. Yep, I'll be doing a live weekly program at the Casting Couch, and I expect to see all of you there.

Your invite is in the mail.

Ciao for now, and loving you from here, Joan Jett-Blakk ☺



paper doll / christina empedocles